

THE DAYSPRING.

"The dayspring from on high hath visited us."

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MAY AND SAISIE.

VISIT TO SUNDAY-SCHOOLS.

WE have had the pleasure during the past four weeks of meeting the Sunday-schools in Salem, Marblehead, East Bridgewater, Charlestown, Bridgewater, Walpole, and Medfield. In all these places we have found strong interest in Sunday-schools. It is observable that there is a large attendance of advanced scholars; and that all the exercises are pervaded by an earnest spirit.

We hope to have the opportunity to visit other schools, and should be very glad to visit all, were there Sundays enough in a year to enable us to do so.

For The Dayspring.

RED, WHITE, AND BLUE
WINDOWS.

BY P. THORNE.

SOME years ago, Mr. P. T. Barnum, of "Barnum's Museum" fame, owned a place in Bridgeport, Connecticut, called "Iran-istan." The grounds were very beautiful, and were open to the public. Any one could walk there, and enjoy the flowers, fountains, statues, rustic arbors, greenhouse, birds, and animals, as much as if he too had been a millionaire. Although there were no policemen to keep order, and although very poor, rough, and ignorant people went there as freely as any one, yet there was never any trespassing or rowdyism. It is generally safe to believe in people. Trust them, and they will be trustworthy.

Of course there were many curiosities about the place. On the pond was a Chinese junk, some odd-looking ducks, and, at one time, a pair of black swans. The variety of hens surpassed one's wildest dreams of hen possibilities. At one time, Shetland ponies, the famous "woolly horse," and an

elephant, could all be seen peacefully pastured in the same field. One would hardly have been surprised at meeting Kentucky Giants, Fiji Women, the "Lightning Calculator," and the "What is it?" strolling around the grounds. In fact, the illustrious General Tom Thumb—a gentleman of fortune, living on a fine place of his own near by—was often seen taking the air in his miniature carriage.

An attractive place to my childish tastes was a high tower, built by Mr. Barnum to throw water on his buildings in case of fire. It was of brick, four stories high, with a huge water tank in the top, and above that an oriental dome, like those we see in pictures of mosques.

One day we went up into this dome. The stairway up through the water tank was not very inviting, being narrow, winding, dark, and steep. Nor was the idea of the water's suddenly bursting out on you pleasant, although it did make nervous people scramble up pretty fast. But, once on top, we forgot all fancied dangers in the delightful view which our high position commanded. On one side, we looked down on pleasant farm-houses, rivers, and hills. On another, the city was spread out beneath us. From the south side, we saw the Sound, dotted with white sails, the steamer coming in, the faint, blue line in the distance that meant Long Island, a train of cars winding along the shore.

The windows of the dome were of different colors. Looking through the blue window, it seemed as if a sudden frost had fallen on the pleasant summer world. Every thing looked cold, pinched, and frozen. Changing to the red window, the world looked rosy and bright enough, but so warm that you almost panted for breath in the shimmering hot air. After looking through this a while, it seemed as if the world had always been

red; and the next window, one made of common, uncolored glass, through which you saw things as they actually were, came on you as a decided "damper,"—it gave such a tame, insipid look to the world until your eyes were used again to its white, true light.

Of course, I did not think then what the windows stood for. But now they remind me of the different colored windows in our souls. Some people look out of the blue window almost all the time; and so they see only a very dull, bleak, dreary, world, and come to think life but a poor affair. The blue window is a good one to turn your back on. Run, if this window tempts you to its cheerless prospect.

Young people are apt to look out of the rosy windows of hope and fancy. Capital windows these. Life looks bright and tempting indeed, seen through them. Fascinating as these windows are, we must be careful not to look through them so much that the pure, white light of truth shall become disagreeable to us, and actual life seem plain and poor compared with the rosy world fancy paints for us.

MOSES.

[A Sunday-school teacher sends the following for a "concert exercise." The class comes forward, and one of its members questions the others, and the answers are given as may be agreed upon.]

I HAVE been thinking, classmates, we might have a pleasant and profitable conversation about Moses. And, first, will not one of you repeat that beautiful story of him in verse?

One of the scholars then recites—

THE STORY OF MOSES.

Once, long ago, in countries

Far, very far away,

Where the cold snow-storm never comes,

And all is bright and gay,

There lived a king so cruel,
He gave this stern command,
That all the little children
Must die throughout the land.

But still there was one mother
Who kept her baby dear;
And quickly hushed its crying,
In silence and in fear.

But when she could no longer
Her precious baby hide,
She did not like to throw him
Upon the rushing tide.

And so a little basket
She made, of rushes stout,
And plastered it with clay and pitch,
To keep the water out.

Then, in this basket-cradle,
She put the little child;
And quietly he floated down,
Among the rushes wild.

Just then the king's own daughter
Came to the water's edge,
And saw the basket floating
Among the grass and sedge.

She drew it from the water,
And called the babe her own;
And kept him till, to be a man,
That little boy had grown.

And when you read the Bible,
Which you will learn to do,
You'll see how great and good he was,
And how God loved him too.

I think *that* a charming story, but still I would like to know *more* of Moses. Will you tell me when he was born, and of his parentage?

He was born soon after the death of Joseph.* He was the son of Amram, of the House of Levi.

Can you tell me of any other child of Amram?

Oh, yes. Aaron, who was older than Moses; and he had a daughter Miriam.

I well remember it speaks of *both* of them in "the journeyings of the Children of Israel."

I think Amram must have been a good man to have had three such children.

Who was King of Egypt at this time?

Pharaoh: and his reign was one of cruelty and oppression, particularly to the children of Israel.

Why *did* he treat them so unmercifully?

He thought the number of Israelites increasing more rapidly than the Egyptians; and, in order to diminish their number, he imposed heavy taxes on them, obliging them to labor very hard, to dig clay, and make bricks, of which they were obliged to build strong fortresses in different parts of the kingdom. They had taskmasters set over them, who were very exacting and very cruel too, and this made them most miserable.

Did this cause the number of Israelites to grow less?

No: the more they were oppressed the more they multiplied; and this aggravated Pharaoh so much, he decided upon *another* way, which he felt almost sure would be successful.

What was it?

Why, he ordered every male child born among the Israelites to be drowned. Soon after Pharaoh passed this law, Moses was born; and how *his* life was spared you well know.

I suppose the Lord was watching over and protecting him, as much when he was a little infant in the basket made of willows, as when he was leading the great army of Israelites through the Red Sea?

Most surely. He is ever near and with those who love Him.

I think Moses must have been glad when it came time for him to leave the house of Pharaoh, although his daughter had been so

kind to him, and been the means of saving his life. What *did* he first after leaving Pharaoh's courts?

He went and associated himself with his own people, the Israelites. And one day he saw a merciless taskmaster treating one of the Hebrews in a cruel manner, and he was so indignant he immediately slew the Egyptian. And the next day he saw two Hebrews quarrelling; and, when he admonished them, one of them said to him, "What! do you mean to kill *us* as you did the Egyptian?" It is said Moses was then greatly alarmed; and, fearing this might reach the ears of Pharaoh, he left Egypt, and went to the land of Midian, a beautiful country situated east of the Red Sea.

For The Dayspring.

JENKINS'S NURSE.



HAVE been laughed at all my life for my love of cats and dogs, and warned that some day I should receive a bite or scratch, as I never can pass either cat or dog, without a pat or word of greeting.

I think animals are very much like people: if you give them a polite greeting, they will treat you with equal civility; but if you "shoo" them or give them a "poke," you must expect the same snarl you would receive from a man if you greeted him by knocking his hat over his eyes.

I had been without a dog for some time; as I had wept such bitter tears over the loss of many a pet, they all said I should not have another. Returning home from a few weeks' visit, I found that in my absence a new dog had been bought for a watch-dog. "Now remember," they all said, "he is to live in the cellar, and *you* are not to pet him."

He was such a funny little fellow, he soon won all hearts, and his little coaxing ways and perfect manners, made him welcome all over the house, and he was only kept in the cellar at night. He was any thing but a "dumb animal: he had a different bark for every thing. If he woke us in the night, we could always tell whether he barked "rats," "fire," or "robbers," or was only holding a conversation with some outside dog. He was very polite to all visitors, and would stand looking in a person's face till he was noticed, when he would return contented to his mat. Among the many names we called him, my favorite was Jenkins, and he would always come to me in preference to any one else, except old Mike, who did our "chores." He was never satisfied till Mike let him lick his face all over, and many a time, when the old man has been stooping over weeding, I have seen Jenkins actually pummelling his back with his fore-paws, and barking till Mike took him in his arms like a baby, and let him kiss him, when he would lie quietly down, and let the old man go on with his work. Jenkins's best friend was a large Newfoundland dog who lived near him, and who was the protector of all the small dogs. The mistress of the big dog has often seen Jenkins come in, and whisper in the ear of his big friend, then the two dogs would trot off together, and soon there would be sounds of a fight,—some big dog had insulted Jenkins, and he had come to his friend to help him. Polite and kind to all beside, one thing he hated,—cats. When he first came to us, the old black cat had some kittens in a box in the cellar, and poor little Jenkins, putting his nose in one day to see what all the squealing was about, was so unmercifully scratched, his cries brought the whole family to the rescue.

From that day, till he was seven years

old, he vowed vengeance on all cats. He did not kill them, but he would "tree" them, and chase them, whenever or wherever he saw them.

I have often seen him creep in when the black cat was safely curled up in the arm-chair for a nap, and poke his nose into her back with a sudden bark. Then such a chase till puss was safe on the top of the furnace, her only place of refuge. I must say one thing for Jenkins,—he never allowed any other dog to chase *his* cat; he would defend her against an enemy twice as big as himself. When Jenkins was seven years old, his enemy, the black cat, was sent on a sea voyage for her health, as she was very feeble. We made no attempt to get a new kitten, as we knew she would be worried to death; but as Jenkins had not the patience for a mouse-hole,—tho' he was "death on rats,"—we soon found, a cat we must have.

Passing, one day, through the village street, I heard a forlorn "miau" behind me, and turning, saw such a dismal yellow kitten! its tail was crooked, and it was so thin and weak, it could hardly stand. It was evidently a "dropped kitten." Of all "cruelty to animals," this practice of dropping poor little kittens in a strange place, to find a home if they can, seems to me the most cruel.

I carried the poor little pussy home, and was received with laughter, for bringing home "such a kitten," when I had been waiting for a pretty one, so long. Jenkins came running to meet me, and when he saw the kitten in my arms he was much excited, but he never dared touch any cat I held. "Here, sir," said I, "is a poor, starved kitten: if you will treat it well, it can have a happy home; but if you chase it, it will be driven out into the cold world again. Will you be kind?" Jenkins put his head on one

side, cocked up his ears, and gave a little pleased "ough," as much as to say, "Try me, please." I put the kitten down before him, and she, instead of spitting, rubbed herself upon his paws, and looked up in his face with a most confiding purr. And Jenkins fell in love with a *cat*! From that day, they were friends; ate out of the same plate, slept on the same mat, and had many a game of romps.

Bridget named the kitten. "Well, marm," she said, "was ever any thing so funny as that "yaller cat?" So "yaller cat" was her name.

Good food and kind treatment soon changed the forlorn kitten into as handsome a cat as one could see. One day, poor Jenkins came home all torn and bleeding, so weak, we feared our pet would die. He crawled into the parlor, and lay on his mat; no one had the heart to turn him out, as they all feared his place in the household would soon be empty. His ear was nearly torn from his head, and he would allow no one to touch him, but lay moaning in the corner. When puss came in, she ran to her friend for the usual frolic; but when she saw his sad plight, she stood looking at him in the most pitying way, and then licked the wounded ear in the most gentle manner. She continued this for some time; and then, curling her soft body into a nice cushion, in cat language, she told the poor dog to rest his tired head. It was a pretty sight to see her devotion; for two hours, she never moved; but purred gently to the wounded doggie, till he forgot his pain in a sweet sleep.

From that time till the ear was well, she took care of the wounded dog; and no matter how sleepy she was, the first moan from her friend would make her jump and run to him. I have seen her sit for a long time, washing the wounded ear, and purring loudly, like some good, motherly nurse.

Jenkins never forgot her kindness; and, although he outlived puss by many years, he would always prick up his ears, and look eagerly around, if any one said, "Where's the yaller cat?" DORCAS HINCKLEY.

For The Dayspring.

THE WORKS OF GOD.

"God will teach us of his ways, and we will walk in his paths."



THINK, my little friends, that to-day we will have a pleasant talk about this beautiful world in which we live, and the glorious sun which gives us light and heat, and the pleasant moon, and the twinkling stars; for, no matter how far apart we dwell, all of us can see these objects, and "there is no speech nor language where their voice is not heard."

There are children, and even some grown-up people, who think that God made the stars merely to be pretty ornaments in the sky on a clear night, so as to give them pleasure to look at them; and they understand literally the meaning of the hymn, that in heaven, —

"The stars are but the shining dust
Of our divine abode;

The pavement of those heavenly courts,
Where we shall dwell with God."

When we repeat the close of the Lord's Prayer, and say "Thine is the power and the glory," we *cannot* know the *meaning* of the words, unless we try to learn all that we can about God's works: for "The heavens declare the glory of God; and the firmament sheweth His handiwork; day unto day uttereth speech, and night unto night sheweth knowledge."

I suppose that most of my little friends have been taught that the Moon revolves or goes around this Earth, reflecting upon this world the light which shines upon it from the Sun: but, whilst the Moon is thus revolving, the Earth does not stand still; no, the Earth, also, is revolving around the Sun. If you should go to a very great distance away from the Earth, its appearance to you would be like one of the stars, — just a little shining point. There are a few of the stars which we can call the “neighbors of the Earth;” and because *they* also revolve around our bright Sun, they are called *planets*, or wanderers. The names of these planets are: Vulcan,* Mercury, Venus, Earth, Mars, — then come a great number of little planets, or asteroids, as they are called, — Jupiter, Saturn, Uranus, and Neptune. We call these our “neighbors,” but the nearest one is thirty million miles distant from us!

The Earth is one year, or three hundred and sixty-five days, in revolving around the Sun; but, as the other planets are at different distances from the Sun, some nearer than the Earth, and some much farther off, the times of their revolutions vary accordingly. Mercury is only *three months*, according to our time, in revolving once around the Sun, and Venus is *seven months*; so that the years are very short in those planets. Mars is *two years* of our time in its revolution; Jupiter, *twelve years*; Saturn, *twenty-nine years*; Uranus, *eighty-four years*; and Neptune, *one hundred and sixty-four years*. It will take some of the comets *four thousand years* to revolve only once around the Sun!

The little planet, Vulcan, being very near the Sun, receives from it *fifty times more* light and *more* heat than we do on the Earth. Only think of the Sun shining fifty times

brighter than it does here, and giving fifty times more heat! If we were in Mercury, we should see the Sun *six* times brighter than here. The Earth is about ninety-five million miles distant from the Sun; but if we should go to Neptune, which is two billion eight hundred million miles distant from the Sun, we should find that the Sun would give *nine hundred times less* light and *less* heat than here on the Earth, — so that the mercury would be fifty thousand degrees *below zero*!

Thus we find that the planets vary very much in the length of their years, and in the quantity of light and heat which they receive from the Sun, — that Sun which even to us is so gloriously bright, though we dwell not in Vulcan, where it shines with fifty times more splendor, and bright too in Neptune, where its rays have only one nine-hundredth as much power.

The *same kind* of animals and trees and vegetables that are on this Earth cannot, therefore, live and grow in these planets; for in some they would be burned, and in others frozen.

If “God has made *this* world so fair,” does He not care for the other planets? Does not He clothe them also with beauties, now unknown to us? These are some of “the glories which shall be revealed to us,” when we shall go to dwell in some one of the “many mansions” of our Heavenly Father’s house. * * *

For The Dayspring.

CHAINED TO A BALL.

ALL of my young readers know that during our last war, the forts in our harbors were garrisoned by soldiers prepared to defend them when attacked. They also know that the discipline of the army is very strict, and that severe punishment is often inflicted for a

* Very little is known in regard to this planet. Indeed, its very existence is doubted.

violation of its rules. For some offences, by confinement or laborious work; for the most serious ones, such as striking an officer or an attempt to take life, by a cannon ball fastened by a chain to the ankle. This punishment is the most dreaded. To be compelled to work, or go to meals, or march daily in the presence of fellow soldiers, dragging a ball and chain, is a punishment which even the soldier most hardened in crime has reason to dread.

On a visit to Fort Warren in Boston harbor, in 1864, I saw there a soldier, who, for for some such offence was compelled to submit to this punishment.

As I walk through the streets of a large city, I see children as well as older persons who are destined to go through life chained to a ball. This remark, I know, excites the surprise of my young readers, and you say, why, if such is the case, have I not seen such persons. You do, my dear young friends, see them every day. I will point out some of them, and if in doing so, my finger shall seem directed to any of you, I trust you will take warning, for the longer the ball is worn the more difficult it is to unchain it. Before doing so, let me explain what I mean. You know that children, as well as older persons, are led by temptation into evil habits; that a bad habit once formed, is hard to break. It is, therefore, an impediment to success. It is, so to speak, a cannon ball fastened to the limbs.

To prevent the formation of bad habits should, therefore, be our constant endeavor.

What merchant will employ an intemperate or dishonest person? Who will trust a spendthrift or an idler? Who likes a miser or a fret? These faults and others like them in children and adults are to be shunned.

When I see a lad with a cigar in his mouth and hear him utter profane or vulgar language, I know that he is *chained to a ball*.

When I see a person enter a bar-room, and there drink intoxicating liquors, I say to myself, you are chained to a ball which you will drag with you through life. When I see a woman given to the frivolities of life, to the neglect of her family, whose chief aim is display, I cannot help believing that that woman is chained to a ball. When I see a boy or girl spending in idleness the hours which should be given to study in order to fit him or her for some useful employment, I say to myself you are making for yourself a ball and chain which you will drag after you through life.

My young reader, seriously consider whether you are forming any habit which, like the cannon ball on the ankle of the soldier, will make your progress in life difficult, if not impossible.

M. G. H.

For The Dayspring.

LITTLE SINS.

A **LITTLE** thing it is to keep
Our hearts unstained from sin,
If we resist each little way
By which it enters in.

When first it comes, we must say "No!"
And send it quite away;
Each time it comes we must do so,—
The same short word must say.

The children all will never sin,
And good will always be,
If they are sure to not begin,
And sin's first promptings flee.

The little sins will soon be great,
If they are left to grow;
And then it may be much too late
To pluck them up, you know.

Be always good and true and kind,
And do what's just and right;
Then you'll be great in heart and mind,
And worthy in God's sight.

MEADVILLE, PA.

GEORGE W. COOKE.



ANTIOCH.

THE calamity which has befallen this city awakens the sympathy of the civilized world. A large portion of it has been destroyed by an earthquake, and fifteen hundred of its inhabitants have perished.

Antioch was founded about three hundred years before the Christian era by Seleucus Nicator. He was one of Alexander's generals, and, upon the breaking up of the vast empire of Alexander, succeeded in obtaining most of the Asiatic portion for himself. He built this city for his capital, and named it after his father, who bore the name of Antiochus.

The city is situated in the northern part of Syria on the river Orontes. It is about

twenty miles from the Mediterranean. Anciently it was one of the most splendid cities of the world. At the commencement of the Christian era only two cities exceeded it in population, wealth, and importance, — Rome and Alexandria. The Greeks called it "The Beautiful City," and Pliny wrote of it as the "Queen of the East." It was mainly a Grecian city, but people of other nations had gathered within its walls, and among them many Jews. But the most interesting fact in its history is its connection with the preaching of Christ to the Gentiles, and the consequent spread of Christianity.

After the ascension of Jesus the apostles tarried in Jerusalem, waiting for the pouring out of the Spirit. At the Feast of Pentecost

the Spirit was made manifest, and with a new inspiration they boldly preached Christ to all who would hear. But soon came persecution. Stephen was stoned to death, and the believers were scattered abroad. They went to various cities, some of them to Antioch. But they preached only to Jews. They had not learned that Christ's truth was for all,—Gentiles as well as Jews. At Antioch, however, there were some who proclaimed Christ's words to Grecians; and these Grecians believed, and turned unto the Lord; and there was great joy among the believers.

When the disciples at Jerusalem heard of this, they sent Barnabas to Antioch to inquire into what had been done, and to continue the good work. He rejoiced that Gentiles had believed, and preached with such power that many more were added to the Lord. Then he went to Tarsus for Paul, and Paul went back to Antioch with him, and they stayed there a whole year preaching unto the people. They gathered a church,—the first Gentile church; and here it was the believers began to be called Christians.

It is not certain how this name Christian originated. But the general belief seems to be that it was applied as a sort of nickname, just as were the names Puritan and Methodist. The inhabitants of Antioch were gay, and noted for a kind of low wit. Some of them were, doubtless, Platonists, that is, disciples of Plato; some, Pythagoreans, followers of Pythagoras; some, Epicureans, followers of Epicurus; and they thought it would be a good joke to call the believers in Christ, Christians. Little did they know what a glorious word it would become,—how their grand names would sink into insignificance before it!

The glory of Antioch did not long continue. The city was destroyed by an earthquake in 115. The emperor Trajan rebuilt it. In 458, 526, and 587 it suffered from

earthquakes. It was cruelly scourged in times of war. Persians, Saracens, and Crusaders ravaged it. In 1822 it was almost entirely ruined by an earthquake. Antakia, the modern Antioch, was but a town of six thousand inhabitants, with no Christian church, but with a few mosques, and clusters of low houses. Now, even these are partially destroyed. But still it has one glory;—one little item in its history—occasioned, perhaps, by a mere joke or sneer—has made its name immortal, and the place second only to Jerusalem in Christian regard:—

“AND THE DISCIPLES WERE CALLED CHRISTIANS FIRST IN ANTIOCH.”

SUNDAY TALK.



U'm so sorry, aunty, that all our mountain talks are over."

"Then you don't care to climb Mount Washington with me?"

"Think of my forgetting that! Cuddle close to aunt, Sarah, for this will be the nicest talk of all."

"Aunty, give me your hand, for fear I should slip down the mountain."

"That would be a fearful slip, for Mount Washington is a mile and a fifth in height."

"Is it the highest mountain in the world?"

"No: Mount Blanc, the highest peak of the Alps, is about three miles and a half high; and Mount Everest, one of the Himalayas, is much higher than that. It was a mere chance we ascended Mount Washington; for I could not urge Cousin Lucy to go up against her great fears, especially as we had not asked Aunt Sally's leave. But I wanted to go up so much, in spite of my fears, that I was well pleased when Cousin Lucy decided to do so. When I was your age, Louisa, if I wanted any thing, it seemed

as if I must have it; but now that I'm an old lady" —

"Old lady!"

"Well, old enough to be wiser, — I wait, and often have what I like, without going against others' wishes."

"Martha says we can't have our *Druthers* in this world."

"*Druthers*?" asked Sarah; "what does that mean?"

"Do you know, Louisa?"

"You must take what you can get, as you can't have what you'd rather have. What queer words Martha uses!"

"You shouldn't laugh at her for that. It is not her fault, but her misfortune, that she does not speak correctly. She knows how to do a great deal that we can't do; for I have tried in vain to make her sponge-cake and biscuits. What do you think persuaded Cousin Lucy to go up the mountain?"

"A little bird whispered in her ear she'd be safe."

"She was ashamed to be so near, and come home without going."

"It was a stereoscopic view of a car ascending the Mount Washington railroad, which a kind old gentleman, who had reasoned with her in vain, showed her just in time for us to pay our bill at the Crawford House, buy railroad tickets, and secure seats in the stage to take us to the foot of the mountain. There all was bustle and excitement. How many of the passengers were as frightened as we I do not know; but one lady doubled her *barège* veil, and never lifted it but once."

"What did she go up for?"

"To go with her husband and son, and, I suppose, to see what she could from the summit. The cars were narrower and shorter than those that run on level ground, and are raised on high wooden trestle-work. Two cars go at a time, at a respectful distance

from each other. Here we saw the cart before the horse; for the iron horse (the boiler), looking like a huge, tipsy junk bottle, was attached to the rear of the car. The car ran on three rails; and the wheel on the middle rail is a cog-wheel, that hooks in and out, just as if it were a mammoth iron beetle crawling up the mountain. The beetle took it easy, allowing two hours to go a mile and a fifth.

"To be sure we stopped to take in water from great tanks, and to look down the Gulf of Mexico, — for that is the absurd name given to a fearful gorge between the mountains. For Mount Washington is not solitary, but surrounded by brother mountains almost as grand as himself. There is a sad little monument to look at as you near the summit, put up in memory of Miss Bourne, of Kennebunk, who was overtaken by night and fog, and so exhausted that she died soon after her friends found her."

"In a snow-storm?"

"On a lovely day in mid-September, for fog and storms come up suddenly on the mountains."

"Why didn't they send a Bernard dog after her, like the one carrying the pretty boy in Ben's picture?"

"St. Bernard dogs are trained on the Alps. But it would be well to have similar ones on Mount Washington. The most fearful part of the road is Jacob's Ladder, where, indeed, I scarcely dared glance back, so vivid was the fear that the car would go heels over head down the ladder, and down the mountain."

"What did you do first when you got up? Jump in the air for being safe?"

"So far from jumping, I was so dizzy, that I sat down as quickly as I could. Besides our fears, the mountain atmosphere had stopped one of my ears, and both of Cousin Lucy's. I scrambled round as much as I

could. In the Summit House some dined; some rested; and others wrote home on note-paper stamped with a print of the railroad. We looked through an opera-glass in all directions. Nothing interested me more than to see that the houses I stayed at in Jefferson last summer, from Mount Washington, were only as big as good-sized stones by the roadside. But there come our friends to tea, and I must tell you the rest next Sunday."

"Too bad!" pouted Louisa.

"Ah, child! life is full of interruptions; and, if you don't learn to take them better, you will be a miserable woman. But if you smile on them, they will turn into new pleasures."

E. P. C.

For The Dayspring.

THE THREE LITTLE SISTERS.

THREE little sisters — Katie, Allie, and Annie — live together in a large old-fashioned house, shaded by great spreading elms. They are not alone in the house, for their papa and mamma live there with them, and a little baby brother, Charlie, whom they think the nicest and prettiest little baby that ever was. Just across the road is grandpapa's house, — not so large or so old-fashioned as papa's, but very pleasant to the little girls, who run over there nearly every day.

The river runs close to the house, and from the windows of grandmamma's room they can drop bits of paper into the water, and watch them as they sail away and call them ships, and wonder if they will ever come back to them again. Sometimes they can see little fishes swimming about, and occasionally a large one shows itself for a minute or two, and then darts away.

But it isn't the fishes or the river that they go to see. It is dear grandmamma, who

is sick, and who sits all day long in her easy chair, and always has a cheerful smile and pleasant words with which to greet her little pets.

They do not often go together, because mamma is afraid they may be noisy and tire grandmamma. They would not mean to, but they might forget. For this reason Katie goes sometimes and sometimes Allie; but little Annie is too small to go alone yet.

One day it was Allie's turn; and after she had been in to see grandmamma and grandpapa, she went into the kitchen to talk a while with aunty, who was busy there. Presently she came back and said, "There are twelve nuts in the kitchen-table drawer, may I have three of them?"

"Yes," said grandmamma, "you may have them all;" and grandpapa said, "Bring them here, and bring me the hammer and a flat-iron, and I will crack them for you."

So she went and got the nuts and brought them in her apron to grandpapa; and then she went again and aunty gave her the hammer and flat-iron, which were pretty heavy for a little girl to carry.

After grandpapa had cracked them he got out all the meats nicely and laid them on a piece of paper, and handed the paper to Allie.

He thought she would eat the nuts, but instead of that she commenced folding up the paper. "What are you doing that for," asked grandmamma, "isn't little Allie going to eat her nuts?"

This is what the little girl said, "No: I am going to carry them home and give them to Katy. I must be 'biging to Katy and Katy will be 'biging to me."

So she carried them home and gave them all to Katy. And what do you think Katy did with them? She made three little piles, and gave one to Allie and one to Annie and

kept one herself, and they all ate them, and were very happy together. Who can tell what made them so happy, — was it the nuts, or was it something else?

M. L. B.

BOXING EARS.

LITTLE FRIENDS, — I called last evening on two little girls, Alice and Lulu, and they told me that they had been writing letters. I was very glad to learn that they had been so well employed, and hope that all the readers of "The Dayspring" have friends to write to, and that they are punctual in their correspondence.

Doesn't Aunt Ethel tell us a pretty story in the April number? But there is one thing in the story that I wish she had not said. She tells us how that when Katie wanted to take the mallet and play croquet, she "boxed her ears and sent her away, advising her to be more humble."

In the January number, you were told of a man who gave his son a club, and told him "whenever he saw a head to hit it."

So I think that sometimes older sisters and aunts act as if their mothers had told them whenever they see any bad children's ears, to box them.

The Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Children (which has not yet been organized) has found out that this is all wrong. To box ears is not one of woman's rights. Children have some rights that mammas are bound to respect, and one of them — two of them are — to have, even when naughty, their ears kept free from all boxing.

The ear is almost as sensitive as the eye. There is first a little cavity, then a thin membrane, like a little drumhead, and a "box" on the side of the face presses the air into the cavity on the membrane like the air in a pop-gun, so as to do harm. It is said by those who know all about such things,

that little boys and girls are sometimes made almost or quite deaf in this way.

When bad men fight, they often strike at the eyes because they can hurt more in this way; but it is almost as bad to strike the ears. It is for this reason that I am sorry that Aunt Ethel spoke of boxing Katie's ears as though she herself did not need to be forgiven for this.

When you see her you may show this letter to her, and see what she has to say about it.

But letters should not be too long, and I will only say that the little children here are very glad that the snow is almost gone from the White Mountains, and that the birds have begun to sing. Soon the arbutus will be in blossom, and we shall all be glad that spring has come.

L. C.

LANCASTER, N.H., April 15, 1872.

MAY AND SAISIE.

LITTLE May took her doll and went out in her garden to play. She climbed the fence to look over in Saisie's garden, and there was Saisie with her doll.

Saisie wanted to get over the fence and play with May, and May wanted her very much.

May said, "Do you think our dolls will behave well together?" Saisie said, "My doll has been naughty this morning; so I shall not let her go see your doll."

Then Saisie made her doll stand up just as straight as she could, and said, "You must stand there till I come back. Don't you stir one inch."

The doll looked sober, but didn't

say one word. She stuck out her little arms, and looked as if she didn't care for any thing, and never meant to move.

Then May said, "Come, Saisie, I will help you get over." Saisie reached up, just as you see her in the picture, and May pulled. But it was no use. May was not strong enough. Her little hand slipped, and down went Saisie.

They tried two or three times; but Saisie could climb up only a little ways. So they said they would not try any more, but would talk with each other, and play with their dolls.

But just then the gardener came along and took May over the fence into Saisie's garden. May had her doll, but the gardener didn't mind lifting them both together.

The little girls were very happy. They made a little garden, and told the dolls they must not walk on it. Then May made believe she was not looking, and Saisie made prints of doll's feet all over the garden.

The girls then took a little walk. When they got back, they saw the foot-marks, and May said, "O, those naughty dolls! they have walked all over our garden!"

Such a scolding as the dolls had! But they bore it bravely. They did not cry, or show that they cared any thing about it.

After the little girls had played about an hour, Saisie's sister came for her. May and her doll had to be put over the fence, and Saisie and her doll went into the house.

THE SLEEPY BOY.

I KNOW a little boy :

And I've often heard it said,
That he never was so tired
That he wished to go to bed.
Though he scarcely can hold up
His drowsy little head,
Yet this very foolish boy
Cannot bear to go to bed.

When the big golden sun
Has lain down to sleep ;
When the lambs every one
Are lying by the sheep ;
When underneath its wing
Every chick tucks its head, —
Still this odd little boy
Does not like to go to bed.

Primroses and daisies
Have shut their bright eyes ;
Grasshoppers and crickets
Are singing lullabies ;
The fire-flies have lighted
Their lamps bright and yellow ;
And I'm sure it's dreaming-time
For this sleepy little fellow.

The houseless little child
Who has no place to sleep ;
Who on the ground must lie,
Or in some doorway creep ;

O'er whom no clean white sheet,
 No blanket soft, is spread,—
 How happy would he be
 If he could "go to bed!"

But with a pretty nest,
 All warm and soft and white,
 That's waiting for this boy,
 When it's time to say "Good-night!"
 With mamma's loving kiss,
 And her hand upon his head,—
 How strange a sleepy boy
 Should not like to go to bed!

Elizabeth Sill.

AN OBEDIENT SON.

A BOY was tempted by some of his companions to pluck some ripe cherries from a tree which his father had forbidden him to touch.

"You need not be afraid," said they, "for if your father should find out that you have taken them, he is so kind that he will not hurt you."

"That is the very reason," replied the boy, "why I should not touch them. It is true, my father may not hurt me; yet my disobedience, I know, would hurt my father, and that would be worse to me than any thing else."

AN unfortunate Indian missionary has had his sermon reported as follows: "The speaker was a deduction, and gave a learned description of Satan and his skill in sawing trees." The unhappy preacher wrote a piteous remonstrance, to say that he "was a Dutchman, and not a deduction, and that he had described Satan, not as sawing trees, but sowing tares."

A GOOD REPLY.

A NATIVE deacon, named Hagop, has now the charge of the Protestant Armenian Church at Trebizond, in Asia Minor. To show his shrewd quickness in reply, the following anecdote is related: "Some years since the deacon was employed by an English mercantile house in Sansum, and was required to work on the Sabbath. This he steadily refused to do. His employer used all his ingenuity to convince him that it was necessary and right to do so then. 'What!' said he, one day, 'if an ass fell into a pit on the Sabbath day, does not the Saviour say that it is right to pull him out?' 'Certainly,' replied Hagop, 'but if the ass have a habit of going every Sabbath and falling into the same pit, then his owner ought to fill up the pit or sell the ass.'"

A POOR and simple-hearted African once came to Mr. Moffat, the missionary, and told him, with a lugubrious face, that his dog had torn his copy of the New Testament, and swallowed some leaves of it, and that he was grieved about it, for the dog was very valuable. "But," said the missionary, "why do you grieve so? You can get another Testament, and the leaves will not hurt the dog." "Ah," said the savage, "that's what I fear. He is a good hunter and a good watch-dog, and the New Testament is so full of gentleness and love that I am afraid he will never be of any service again."

At the late Plymouth Church picnic, Mr. Beecher was asked why he did not dance. "There is but one reason," he replied, "I don't know how. The only dancing I ever did was when my father furnished the music, and used me for the fiddle. I took all the steps then."

BENEVOLENCE.

I SEE in this world two heaps—human happiness and misery. If I can take but the smallest bit from one heap and add to the other, I carry a point. If a child has dropped a halfpenny, and by giving it another I can wipe away its tears, I feel I have done something. I should be glad indeed to do greater things, but I will not neglect this.

JOHN NEWTON.

THE GOLDEN KEY.

BEGIN every day with prayer. It is the Golden Key that unlocks heaven to pour down blessings on you.

End every day with prayer. It is the same Golden Key that locks you up under heaven's protection.

Early Days.

"I OWE it to my mother, and I mention it with filial piety, for imbuing my young mind with principles of religion, which have never, never forsaken me."

BISHOP WATSON.

It is reported of Cyrus, King of Persia, that being asked what was the first thing he learned, he replied, "*To tell the truth.*"

If the spring put forth no blossoms, in summer there will be no beauty, and in autumn no fruit; so, if youth be trifled away without improvement, manhood will probably be contemptible, and old age miserable.

ALWAYS do the very best you can.

NEVER take advantage of another's ignorance.

THAT burden is light which is cheerfully borne.

"I WOULD not waste my spring of youth
In idle dalliance; I would plant rich seeds,
To blossom in my manhood, and bear fruit
When I am old."

Puzzles.

7.

CROSS-WORD ENIGMA.

My first is in teacher, but not in school;
My second is in hammer, but not in tool;
My third is in early, but not in soon;
My fourth is in midday, but not in noon;
My fifth is in fray, but not in fight;
My sixth is in eye, but not in sight;
My seventh is in season, but not in time;
My eighth is in poetry, but not in rhyme;
My ninth is in great, but not in long;
My tenth is in music, but not in song;
My eleventh is in being, but not in be;
My twelfth is in everything you will see.
My whole is the name of a welcome visitor.

FROM A FRIEND.

8.

BURIED NEW TESTAMENT CITIES.

1. It is in the attic or in the cellar.
2. Anna then shook the tree.
3. Be really what you would seem to be.
4. Thunder began to be heard in the distance.
5. The ant I, O Charles, commend to you as an example.
6. There was a temple of Diana in Ephesus.

ANSWERS TO LAST MONTH'S PUZZLES.

4. — LOVE THE TRUTH. *Zech. viii. 19.*
"Therefore love the truth and peace."
5. — 1. Damascus; 2. Sidon; 3. Paphos; 4. Perga.
6. Lystra; 6. Putæoli.
6. — 1. Pink; 2. Oleander; 3. Mallows; 4. Heliotrope; 5. Foxglove.

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